

# Silence is the Game

by UnauditedCloud3

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Summary: The year is 2553, and the war with the Covenant is finally over, but for Spartan-042D peace is short lived, for a Forerunner device is discovered and will place 042 in the care of Captain Veronica Dare and her squad. Takes place in all 3 Mass Effects.

## 1. Cloud and Smoke

\*\*I do not own Mass Effect, I do not work for Bioware, I do not own Halo nor do I work at 343 industries. This is a non-profit novel, and is purely fictional. Hey this is my first attempt at writing a novels, so if you're going to criticize please be helpful, because viewer support is critical. Also relationship is planned. Edited on 03/28/12: So I had to scrap most of the original story due to after writing 6 different Chapter 2. I couldn't figure out how to get it to work without doing something already tried. I finally found a way to make some of it work, but it's not going to be what you expect. Whether this is a good thing or a bad thing, I don't know, but be prepared for the second chapter. I'm almost done with it and have been doing some touching up on the writing so it should be out soon.\*\*

2553/ One months after the battle of Instillation 00, Uncharted Spaceâ€¦

Against the darkness of space, an object moved. Like black on black it slithering past the stars, effortlessly. As the light from the sun slowly trickled onto the desolate miserable rock below, a ship appeared as if materializing from thin air. A Prowler, the personal cruisers for the Office of Naval Intelligence, crept slowly towards the planet, like a predator would a prey. The sudden rush of air gushed from the bottom of the ship as a drop ship fell from its stomach. Just as quickly as the ship appeared, it once again disappeared into the shadow of the stars.

As the shuttle plummeted into the planet's atmosphere, the vessel shook violently as the hull was peppered with gal force wind as hail as deadly as razors. That said, it made life for the 30 some odd ONI scientists a living hell. Inside the shuttle, they rushed around like frantic animals trying to prep gear and stow away any loose cargo. Xenomorphic scientist, Ramzee was busy strapping down a heavy piece of recording equipment when another wave rattled the inside of ship. Thrown off his feet, he grabbed the first thing he could feel. Finally coming to awareness, he looked at his apparent savior, and the color drained from his face. Looking up from the arm he grabbed revealed the golden visor of the fully cladded soldier to whom it was attached.

"So-Sorry sir" Ramzee stuttered, backing away from the Spartan.

Spartan-042D merely looked back the view point he had been gazing from before the interruption.

'This isn't what I was made to do' The Spartan thought to himself

'I was trained to fight the covenant, not be some scientific survey team's babysitter.'

ONI told him it was necessary for a Spartan to assist due to the sensitive nature of the teams' studies. But for the last two months all he had seen was a few forerunner relics, which would just send them to another structure to do the same exact thing.

'I could be out fighting with the rest of the Spartans'. He thought to himself. 'There's still plenty to take care of'.

Ever since the end of the war, things had been relatively quiet. The UNSC was still picking up the shattered pieces left behind from the destruction of the war. While they had stopped fighting the Elites, 042 still felt that things were tense, and the flood. While he had never fought them he had seen every video, log, and bit of information on it and knew how dangerous they were. One thing that puzzled him even more was the Forerunners.

'How could a race so powerful, a race that managed to create the Halo arrays, possible be defeated by the Flood?'

This only made him more anxious to get back to his squad, but before he could ponder in the thought of getting back into battle, he was interrupted by a feminine voice speaking through his head.

"How are you adapting to your new Mjonir armor Spartan 042?"

42 didn't like the idea of having an A.I inside his head, especially one of those 3rd generation smart but the ONI technicians insisted he have one.

"I'm fine Zoey." He replied in a bitter sweet voice.

When he was told he was getting a Mk. VII suit he was thrilled. Not often did a Spartan III get to use Mjonir, due to the fact it was one of the most expensive pieces of equipment known to man. Spartans III's were generally issued the standard SPI armor, which was far less advanced than the one which he was currently wearing.

"I see that you are adapting quite well to your new abilities'."

42 stared down at his arm and flexed it. "I have to say I am enjoying the increase in speed and strength"

Over the intercom, a voice boomed throughout the shuttle bay.

"We're almost to the LZ, ETA 2 minutes."

As the ONI team scrambled to get every single piece of gear ready, 042 went over to the weapons locker and rifled through it. Grabbing a pair of SMGs, he clipped them to his side while taking a M6-D magnum and strapping to his ankle. He then picked up a Spanker Missile Launcher and slid it onto his back, along with the S.M anti material rifle he had already had picked up. Picking up a large duffle bag, he shoved a Spartan laser into it, followed by several pounds of C-12 and as much ammo as possibly allowed.

Raising an eye from the rest of the crew, a Scientist asked weakly "You sure you need all that, I mean we're just checking a building, not heading into a firefight.

Hefting the duffle over his shoulder, and picking up a Battery charger for the Splaser, he told the Scientist "We're dealing with an unknown fortification, with no knowledge of defenses or security measures, if it is as safe as you say it is then why are they sending a Spartan as security detail?"

"Yeah, I just your right." The scientist mumbled, and then shuffled away.

042 was glad that his face was concealed by his helmet, or the man would have seen the smirk -042 had on his face. Of course if the team knew that they were working with a 15 year old, there would have been hell to rise. Spartans III's were unknown to the rest of the UNSC, their existence shrouded in denial. If the fact that the UNSC had using children as suicide soldiers, the response would be unfathomable, so the mere fact he was working with the science team confused him.

As the shuttle touched down, Zoey spook the group. "From what we can tell there is a Forerunner facility located nearby, while it is most likely a research station, we do not know for sure, so follow protocol, and don't mess with anything, until we have conformation.

"Yeah, yeah, we got it, mom." The head scientist, Dr. Molare said. "Just keep your Spartan on its leash."

This comment caused some unevenness within the group, because no one, repeat no one messes with a Spartan and walks away with their head on. Molare had obviously thought he was on top of the world, and that's when 042 spoke "Careful, Sir, it be terrible if you fell and broke your neck."

Molare looked back at the Spartan then at his group and promptly shut his mouth. The rest of the trip was relatively silent, spare one mans constant complaining about how hot it was. Upon reaching the facility, 042 instantly realized something was off. Unlike the other

building's he had seen this one architect was different. Instead of the normal triangle pillars the others had sported, this building held what looked could only be described as a com tower.

"Sir" 042 said "Advise we wait until Zoey can fully analyze the structure."

"No, we've wasted too much time already, and I'm not waiting any longer" Molare growled "Jim get this god damn door open" As one of the scientists hustled over to the entrance with a large odd looking device 042 spoke to Zoey on a private channel .

"What do you thing Zoey?"

"I think Molare is a reckless fool and a moron."

"That makes two of us."

042 took point ass the group entered the building. He would never quite understand why the forerunners needed such elaborate rooms. He took a moment to marvel at his surroundings, everything was so large and empty. He would never quite understand why the forerunners needed such elaborate rooms. It hadn't been entered in thousands of years but as soon as they neared the center of the building the entire room lit up. The scientific team walked towards what looked to be a control panel, with Molare tagging behind.

"Sir, I think I've found something"

"What is it?" 42 said as he trotted towards the young scientist.

"None of your god damn business, you're paid to shoot not talk" said Molare as he approached the two.

'I'm not actually paid, so the jokes on you.' 42 thought to him with a smirk

"Well sir it looks like some sort of teleportation grid, but I'm getting some interference from the power really that's generating it" the engineer quipped.

"This is the closest we've gotten to unlock their teleportation grid technology and I am not going to let that slip between my fingers"

042 crept up behind Molare and tapped his shoulder

"What is it?" Molare said with irritation in his voice

"Sir, we've done what we came here for, ONI's excavation team will handle the rest"

"NO!" the scientist screamed pulling away from the Spartan "I've spent my whole life working for this moment, and I'm not about to let some spook spoil this!"

Molare rushed over to the terminal and pushed the young scientist out of the way.

"Dr. Molare, you are not authorized to handle this type of technology, stand down." Zoey spoke over Spartans speakers.

"Like hell I am" Molare growled, tapping furiously at the console. 042 stood there, not knowing what to do. His orders were to protect the scientists at all costs, but he couldn't interfere with their work.

"Zoey, permission to subdue?"

"Please do"

In a second, before the scientist had time to realize what had happened, he was standing over Molare with his hand firmly grasping Molare's shoulder.

"Doctor Molare, Step away from the console, this is your final warning." Zoey said.

"Screw you." Molare spat.

As soon as Molare said that 042 grabbed his wrist, as the small man glared into his visor, he did something the Spartan did not anticipate. Reaching over with his other hand he tapped one small button on the panel. The Spartan quickly secured him with a light tap to the head with his visor. The man was out before he hit the floor.

"Zoey what did he just do?" 042 said as he walked towards the console.

"It appears he activated the grid."

"And this means?"

"It means the grid is active and about to transport everything inside the building."

"â€|Shit!" the Spartan cursed upon realization of what was about to happen.

Simultaneously grabbing the unconscious body on the floor, he screamed at the rest of the team,

"Get out of here, NOW!"

The scientist panicked, scrambling to grab their equipment, only to be screamed at by the Spartan to leave everything. His heart dropped when he saw the entrance with a hiss. A scientist to who's named eluded him, hopelessly began smashing the door with recording equipment. 042 looked back at the console, and a white beam of light erupted from the area behind it. 042 saw a flash of light and everything went dark.

\*\*Once again, had to change everything so the first chapter really serves no importance except as filler. The series will be broken up into 3 separate chapters which will span over all 3 Mass Effect games.\*\*

## 2. A rude Awakening

**\*\*I do not own Mass Effect, I do not work for Bioware, I do not own Halo nor do I work at 343 industries. This is a fan fiction AU.\*\***

"Spartan-042, are you alright?"

His helmet was pitch black as for a red emergency light blinking violently, and his head felt as if someone had split a rock across it. There was buzzing in his ears, and it hurt to open his eyes.

"Spartan-042, I need you to listen very carefully. Your still having side-affect's from the transition and-"

Before the voice could finish, 042 felt his stomach do a flip-flop, and found himself vomiting, inside his helmet. Clawing at the release switch, he frantically searched the rim around his helmet. Finding the groove, he pushed in, and with a small hiss of escaping air, his yanked his helmet off. It still didn't solve the problem of his stomach. He moved onto his knees and proceeded to project his contents onto the floor. His vision cleared up just enough to see that the ground was soaked in blood, His blood. He knew something was terribly wrong, and silently screamed to himself. Only then, when he fell back, exhausted and in pain, did he see who was speaking to him

Inch's away from his face was a women, most likely in her late 30's, waving a medical scanner in her hands. Around her, he saw five ODST trailing behind her. Looking more closely, he saw the definite shape of a Recon helmet attached to her hip. Only Spartans and ONI spooks used those. Knowing she wasn't a Spartan, 042 managed to utter "Oh shi-"before slipping back into unconsciousness.

042 opened his eyes. He felt as if he had been hit by a warthog, but he could see, and better yet move. Shifting over, He realized he no longer donned his MK. VII armor, but instead was clothed in a standard Marine combat fatigue. He was in a medical station, with an I.V dripping an unknown content into his left arm. He heard a soft hum that seemed to fill the air, and realized he was on a ship. Pulling himself up into a sitting position he noticed, out of the corner of his eye, an ODST leaning back against a chair. He expected the ODST to do something when he moved, but he soon realized the man was sleeping. As if on cue, 042 heard a pair of doors open and several people walk in. Turning his head around, 042 saw the other ODST from before, all in combat fatigues like himself. As they walked towards his bed, one member peeled off from the group. The large black man headed over to the man in the chair and with a smile, proceeded to smack the sleeping soldier right in the helmet.

"Wake up buttercup, we got company."

Looking back at the others, 042 noticed them peel out of the way as the woman from before approach him. Scanning her with his eyes, he could tell she was definitely ONI, Sec-1 by the looks of it. Her posture said it all, from the way she walked and the fact the other ODST had instinctually moved out of her way. But he noticed something in her eyes, something only described as "worry?"

She stopped a few feet from his bed and in a stern tone said.  
"Spartan-042, my name is Captain Veronica Dare. You're safe aboard the Prowler 'Silence is the Game'. You're going to have a lot of questions, but we need your co-operation in order to do so."

"Yes ma'am."

"Good." She said with almost a smile. "Now you're most likely wondering what happened."

"Yes."

"This is a rather difficult situation to discuss, so I should start from the beginning. About month after the end of the Human-Covenant war, ONI stumbled across a Forerunner artifact. This artifact was discovered to be a portal, similar to the one on Earth. But unlike the one Earth, instead of transporting things to the Ark, it opens portals into a different dimension."

"I'm not quite sure I'm following you?" 042 asked with confusion written all over his face.

"Instead of opening a portal into slip space, it opens one to a parallel dimension, where a universe similar to our own exists. We believe it was one of the Forerunners plans to fight the Flood. It was an entrance to a whole different reality than the one we know of."

"So, you're saying, that device Molare activated took us a different universe? And on another note, where is the research team?"

Veronica glanced at Buck, who was standing behind him, and gave him a nervous look.

"There's no easy way to put this Spartan, but there is no Science Team, and you've been in a medical coma for the last three weeks."

"What? 042 screamed in frustration.

The ODST moved in around him, as if to prevent him from doing something stupid... 042 gave them the "Don't Fuck with me" stare, and they backed off. ODST may be reckless, but they're not dumb enough to get in the way of an angry Spartan.

"You must understand we did this you protect you and the artifact. The orders can from Admiral Parangosky herself. She was concerned with the possibility of any Shangheili finding out, so only key members of this team had access to his data." She to him in a voice that reminded him of a mother trying to sooth her wailing baby.

Seeing as he was still upset, Veronica was trying to find a way to reassure him.

"We'd prefer to have let you know what was happening but ONI said it was too dangerous to let you in."

042 eased back into his bed. Even spooks got their orders from someone, and orders are orders.

"Okay." He sighed "What happens know?"

"You're to get ready, and meet us on the bridge at 0:600, one of us will fill you in for the time being, clear?"

"Yes Ma'am." He had just gotten up and was already back to work

Veronica and the others proceeded to shuffle out the door, all except the one in the armor.

042 looked at him, and said "Any reason why you're tagging behind?"

The ODST simply looked at him and finally said "I'm here to get you caught up to date."

"Got a name?" 042 asked.

"They call me Rookie."

"Great." 042 said sarcastically.

"Your equipment is in the armory getting repaired, and I'd advise you take a shower before you go down to the bridge, considering you smell like a brutes ass."

042 smiled realizing this kid wasn't as bad as he thought.

'Funny, I just thought of him as a kid, yet I'm only 15.'

"Hey Rookie, mind if I ask you a question?" 042 said as he pulled himself out of the bed.

"Shoot."

"How long you guys been here?"

"Depends, time moves differently here than in our Universe."

"What do you mean by that?" He asked, curious.

"What would be a 3 months here, would only be half a month in our place."

"This alternate Universe, are there other species, you know, ones with advanced tech?"

"More than you know. Most of them are pretty friendly, but there are always others that cause trouble."

"You have already made diplomatic contact?" He asked as he knelt down to tighten his boots."

"Nope, but it really helps blending in when humans already exist."

If 042 had had something in his mouth, he would have spewed it all over the ODSTs armor.



"You're telling me that Humans exist, not just in this Universe but are actually co-operative with other aliens?"

"Yep, but we'll save that for later."

They left the room and headed down the passageway, with Rookie taking the lead.

"So what type of tech do these races have?" He asked while passing by a cell.

"It's definitely unique. Their whole tech is based on this element dubbed Element Zero.

"That seems a little cliché."

"That's not the good part, this Element Zero, or eezo and some call it can manipulate the mass of objects."

"So it's better than the stuff from our universe."

"Not really, Compared to the UNSC, yes but to the Covenant tech they might as well be throwing rock. All their weapons rely on lowering the mass of a very small projectile and firing it at high speeds, like a hand held MAC. Problem is, Ship wise, a UNSC frigate has a good chance of beating one of their own, because our MACs are more powerful compared to theirs."

"So we stand a good chance against them."

"We would do even better if we could replicate plasma weapons. They use Kinetic Barriers, which means they will stop anything with mass, but plasma will just move right pass them. That's why all the weapons we brought are covie ones."

"So there kind of like a Jackal's shield."

"In a way, yes."

"Perfect." he sighed.

As they came to their destination the doors slid open he saw the others scattered across the Bridge. Veronica was in a heated discussion with the ODS bearing a Sergeants rank. Turning her head, she saw the two enter the room and focused her attention on 042.

"042 welcome aboard. I take it the Rookie filled you in on some of the details."

"He informed me on the technological advances that exist, and the fact that there are Humans here."

Veronica felt relieved "Good, I really had no way to have put it."

"It wasn't a big deal." 042 shrugged.

"How about we fill you in on the way things work here?"

"That sounds fantastic."

"Okay, you know the basics of eezo, so that's going help explain what the Mass Relays are. This Mass Relays are large structures in space that use eezo to move a ship from one point of the galaxy to another. There's several of this thing and their stationed all over the Universe. While it allows almost instant travel, it's not very as versatile as slip space.

"Who built them, Forerunners?" 042 asked

"No, from what we can tell, an extinct race of aliens known as Prothean, built them along with the Citadel, a large space station, which acts as a central hub for diplomatic exchanges between different species.

"What can you tell me about the relations between species?"

"Only three races really run the show. Turians, Salarians, and the Asari. Turians make up the bulk of the Military forces, while Salarians deal with information and Asari act as standing diplomats."

"What about humans?"

"They aren't part of the council. They have only just recently discovered Mass Relays, about 30 years ago. In order to become part of the council, ones race must show they are willing to serve the council by performing a deed that benefits the council."

"Are they the only species?"

"No there are the Volus, Batarians, elcor, and Hannar. But there is another race that exists outside the council. They're called the Quarians, and about 300 years ago, they created a race of virtual intelligence, our equivalent of dumb , called the Geth that gained sentience, The Quarians tried to de-activate them, and the Geth, in defense, forced the Quarians to flee their home world. They were blamed for releasing the Geth and kicked off the council. That's the reason why there so fearful of

042 could never image being feared. He had never met one, but he knew they were all loyal to humans, and some would even put their life on the line in order to save humans.

"What happened to the Quarians?"

"They stuck together and created what is called the Migrant Fleet. It's a collection of several thousand ships that hold the entire population. They rarely leave it, due to the fact that they are viewed as second class citizens by most, and their weak immune systems."

"What does their immune system have to do with it?"

"After living in space for so long, they lost most of their immune systems due to the lack of diseases, so their forced to live in environmental suits. Getting exposed means possibly death for most, even if just for a second."

042 felt, in a way, depressed. Having to live inside a suit, for fear of death seemed almost unimaginable, and was quick to change the subject.

"So what is the mission?"

"We're to recon, this universe, and send our results back to HighCom."

"That simple?"

"The term recon is going to be a little different then what you would normally think. We will be interacting with the natives, and learn their ways."

042 felt a question in the back of his head that had to be answered.

"So why bring a Spartan? I don't know what you've heard but we're not the most diplomatic of individual. Our job is to kill aliens, not play patty cake with them." He asked

Veronica looked almost amused, as if she knew he was going to say that.

"Because 042, humans aren't the strongest species out there, and I needed the best of the best."

"Yes Ma'am." 042 said with a hint of irritation in his voice.

"And Spartan." Veronica said "We can't just go around calling you 042, so you will need a name. How does Michael sound?"

\*\*So it took me about 2 weeks to come up with this. And FYI as a reminder\*\*\*\*I had to scrap most of the original story due to after writing 6 different Chapter 2. I couldn't figure out how to get it to work without doing something already tried. So forgive me for blowing off the first Chapter All together. I had to shift things around a bit to get it to work.\*\*

### 3. Welcome to the Family

\*\*Sorry for the long wait.\*\*

\*\* Disclaimer: I don't own Mass effect or Halo blah blah blah, butterfly\*\*

The darkness enveloped the room, 042 could feel them it constricting in on him, constantly breathing down his neck. He rolled over in his bunk, staring at the bare bulkhead, wondering if it was all real. His entire life had been based on the sole purpose the sending the Covenant back to whatever hell whole they came from. And just a few hours ago it had been all upturned with just a few words. Everything he had ever known was obsolete.

They had took away his rank, I.D and effectively stripped him from any remnant of his past life. He was no longer 042-Spartan III Gamma Company but Mathew Buck, born on Eden Prime to Colonist Edward and

Veronica Buck. The original suggestion for his name had raised quite a commotion among the ODSI but then the ship's Smart A.I, Amy intervened. The A.I resembled a Female Marine from the interplanetary war, and spoke in a very quirky tone. She suggested the name Matthew and it stuck.

The flashback faded, Matthew sighed and rolled back on his side. This is all wrong; he had no idea on anything outside the military. And to be interacting with aliens in a way that didn't plunging a knife down its windpipe, was just crazy. He felt cold shivers run down his spine and felt sick. Captain Veronica said they were just temporary side effects from the transition, but he knew better. His body felt weak, and his mouth was dry. He couldn't fall asleep, not that he wanted to. He had so many questions concerning the method of his deployment, but Veronica said it would have to wait till morning.

Without warning the silence in his room was broken by a feminine voice booming over the intercom.

"Matthew it appears you are unable to sleep, is there any way I can assist." Amy asked in a soothing voice.

"No, and don't talk to me until the morning." He replied, with irritation in his voice.

"Technically, we are running on the Sol system time table, since there is no day or night on a-"

"Hey Amy?" Matthew said cutting her off.

"Yes?"

"Shut up."

"Fuck you" She replied.

\* \* \*

><p>The SSV Normandy was a work of beauty. A prototype stealth scout ship, the Normandy was the product of a group effort between the Alliance and the Turian Hierarchy, involving many hands and a lot of money. The ship itself was in the middle of its Shake Down run, it's first real test run. It was currently on route to Eden Prime. The ship was holding an eerie silence, for the colony was sending out a distress signal, which could only mean trouble. When the Normandy exited from FTL, it activated its stealth drive, one of the many prototype technologies it possessed. The deck was quiet as the hushed voices of the Alliance Navy men huddled over their consoles and Navigator Pressly headed towards the cockpit to update Commander Shepherd. Right as came to the doors, they slid open and a Turian appeared. Pressly wasn't very fond of any non-human crewman, especially a Specter, and there was an awkward stare as they passed each other.<p>

"Pressly." The Turian said.

"Nihlus." Preston replied grimly.

The Turian sized him up, then turned and left, and headed towards the hanger bay.

"Damn Specter." He thought to himself.

Entering the cockpit he saw Joker sitting at the helm with Commander Shepherd leaning over his shoulder. They were both staring at a video display streaming footage from Eden Prime. The film was fuzzy but the clear distinction of gunfire could be heard, with an Alliance soldier screaming in the background.

"Joker, try to tighten up that signal, we need to see what's going on down there.

Joker sat at his console typing furiously at the screen in front of him until the feed cleared and the distinct face of a woman could be seen.

"This is Gunnery Chief Ashley Williams requesting assistance. The colony is under attack, repeat the colony is under attack."

An explosion appeared close to the screen and the video cut out.

Commander Shepherd looked at the blank screen in front of him... He could only imagine what was happening down on the ground. He pulled up a com link to Kaidan, as he left to cockpit.

"Kaidan", he yelled "Get Jenkins down to the hanger and be prepped for a combat drop."

"Sir, what the situation."

"Eden Prime is under attack and we're going down there to assist."

"Yes sir"

Over the intercom he could hear Kaidan scream at Jenkins to move his ass.

"Captain, be careful out there." Joker said to Shepherd, even though he was well out of hearing range.

\* \* \*

><p>The lights flipped on and Matthew could feel the warmth rush onto his skin. He grasped the edge of the bed frame and pulled himself up. Leaving his room, he headed down the passageway to the chow room, stomach growling. As he walked up the doors of the Mess Hall, they slid open and he was greeted the already awakened ODS. <p>

"Morning sunshine." Michael Mickey said in a friendly tone.

Looking around he saw Mickey sitting at a table with Dutch and the Rookie, while Romeo was browsing through the selections of plain pastries.

"Got any coffee?" Matthew asked

"Yeh, and by the looks of it you could use it, because you look like shit." Romeo said with a sarcastic tone.

"Give him a brake Romeo, he hasn't done anything." Dutch said with a stern voice.

"Whatever." Romeo said as he shrugged his shoulders and turned around to resume his quest.

Matthew grabbed a cup of coffee and headed to the table where Mickey and Dutch were sitting.

"Don't mind him, he's just joking." Dutch said assuring.

Matthew merely took a sip from his cup.

"So where is the Sergeant?" Mickey asked

"Probably still in bed with the Captain, rank has its privileges." Dutch said.

At this point Matthew finally peeped up. "Wait, Sergeant Buck is actually in a relationship with Captain Dare? I thought it was only part of the cover story."

Dutch chuckled softly as Mickey explained the story behind the two.

"How does that work out, I mean with the chain of command?" Matthew asked.

"Same as if they weren't military." Romeo said over the room.

Matthew just sat there with a confused look on his face. They were talking about things he didn't understand. Dutch realized this and quickly intervened.

"Sorry, it's easy to forget what life is like outside the military, especially for a Spartan, but don't worry we're going to have a lot of time to re-educate you."

Matthew pondered over this and finally had to ask. "Sir, with all the bad blood between the Spartans and the ODS, why are you so friendly to me?"

Dutch merely smiled at this before saying "Because early on in the war, I was deployed on an assassination mission with a Spartan-II with orders to take out a minor Prophet. She sacrificed her life in order to save a fellow ODS" he paused and then added "And besides the ODS's feud is with the Spartan II's, we've got nothing against the Spartan III's

This raised an eye from Matthew and he asked "I thought no-one knew about the S-III project?"

"Most don't but we know because it was one of the several strings attached to this mission. We were told everything about the Spartans so there wouldn't be any tension between the crew.

Is if by magic the bad mood in the room was lifted and replaced by the talk of military food, life and weapon performance. After what

seemed like an eternity, the good time was broken up when Amy requested all crew members to meet on the bridge ASAP.

"Crew, I requested you all here because we are about to embark on a mission to the Citadel." Captain Dare said the collections of soldiers in front of her.

"What's the objective?" Mickey asked instinctively.

"Our mission will be to set up contacts within their networks, and establish surveillance inside the Council. Alpha squad will consist of Dutch and Romeo, who will be intermixing with the natives while Bravo squad which will consist of Matthew and the Rookie, will be giving recon support via active cameo, Mickey will be in charge of pick up duty. Method of deployment will consist of a pelican drop ship. Any questions?"

Mickey immediately asked the question that everyone was thinking "Are we just dropping in without a care in the world, because the last time I checked a Pelican is not the most subtle flying machine out there."

"The drop ship is a prototype stealth drop ship. It's invisible to any type of scanning but can still be seen by the common eye, so the drop will have to be done in during one of the Citadel's night cycles. Anything else?"

"What type of gear we carrying?" Matthew asked

"Alpha Squad will be dressed in common cloths, while Mickey will be wearing SPI armor."

"What about me?"

Veronica just smiled and said "We've got something special for you down in the hanger."

Matthew smiled, because he didn't need her to tell him that they had a Mjolnir suit waiting for him.

Veronica gazed over the men in front of her and knew that whatever happens, it's going to be a hell of a ride. "You have half an hour to prep whatever gear you need and then you're going in, Crew dismissed."

They saluted her and exited the bridge but before Matthew would leave she called out for him.

"Matthew, before you go there is something we need to discuss."

"What is it ma'am?"

"There is something you need to know about your augmentation."

"

"Ma'am?" he asked with a cautious tone, slowly approaching her.

She pulled out a small vile containing a mysterious substance and placed it in his hand.

"There was something else that you were implanted with that only three people knew about. They were the protein complexes micro-olanzapine and cyclodexione-4. They enhance the aggression making you more resilient under stress. In other words you have reserve of strengths and stamina far beyond any normal human.

"Why is this important, I took it that this standard proceeds?" He asked

She shook her head and simply said "No, only Gamma Company had these implants because of its severe side affect. After a while it decreases the higher levels of thinking, and can only be countered by this" she said pointing to the vial in his hand.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Because if we come across a situation in which we can't supply this, I want you to know this ahead of time." She said with almost a sad expression on her face

"I understand." He replied

"Good, now go down stairs and get prepped, you have 23 minutes."

\* \* \*

><p>He found himself in a dark room. It was quiet and the only thing he could hear was his own breathing. The room light up and he saw a familiar face appear on the large screen in front of him<p>

"I must say you have preformed beyond our expectations" the mysterious man said "You have proven yourself ready for this next assignment, \_Agent Washington."\_

\*\*Sorry for the long time, I've had to deal with a lot of school work. Anyways I know some of you may be wondering why I added agent wash from RvB. I really can't say why but he will play a more important role latter on. As for the deal with Sheppard, He'll be on the Citadel the same time as the Squad, but threes going to be large time gaps for the time being. That about all I can say, Peace.\*\*

End  
file.